

Oh! where is the flower that content may tell,
Like the laughing, the nodding, and dancing Hare-
bell?"

It is the most graceful and slender of all our erect wild flowers. Its sweet blue blossoms hang so lightly on the stem that one would imagine the first blast would break it to pieces, yet it is strong in its fragile form; it trembles and bends its gentle head before the tempest, but quickly rises as fresh as before the rude blast had bent its frail form to the earth, and seems as if nought but the beaming sun had ever smiled upon it.

"The Harebell bright and blue,
That decks the dingle wild,
In whose cerulean hue
Heaven's own blest tint we view,
On day serene and mild,
How beauteous like an azure gem,
She droopeth from her graceful stem."

Many other species of the Bell flower are found wild, the most showy of which is the Giant Bell Flower, (*Campanula latifolia*), growing in moist woods: it is three or four feet in height, bearing large blue blossoms; the leaves are between lance-shaped and egg-shaped, rough, with saw-like edges. It is found in Norfolk, Suffolk, Monmouthshire, and Bedfordshire, and is very common in the woody glens of Scotland. Another species, the Nettle-leaved Bell Flower, (*C. Trachelium*), has an angular stem and heart-shaped leaves,

which are rough and bristly; it bears a blue blossom, and the plant grows from two to three feet in height. The Spreading Bell flower, (*C. patula*), somewhat resembles the Harebell, but the flowers are of a light purple colour, larger and more spreading.

THE SNAPDRAGON.

(*Antirrhinum majus*.)

Class, Didynamia. Order, Angiospermia. N. O., Scrophularineæ.

This flower is associated with our old castles and monastic edifices.

"Mid ruins tumbling to decay,
Thy flowers their brilliant hues display,
Still freshly springing
Where pride and pomp have pass'd away,
On mossy tomb and turret grey,
Like friendship clinging."

Into the crevices of the stones of these honoured ruins, and "lone monument of ages" the Snapdragon forces his hard fibrous root, and on such places alone it is to be found.

"Flowers of the solitary place!
Grey ruin's golden crown
That lendest melancholy grace
To haunts of old renown;